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The late Col. Ransom.

To the memory of Col. THOMAS B. RANSOM of the 9th (New England) Regiment of Infantry, who fell in the assault on Chapultepec, in the great Battle of Mexico. A friend writes these lines for the "Spirit of the Times."

He wrung his hand at parting,
And I saw a crystal tear
Slow from his eyelid starting,
But held by manhood there.
"Farewell," I said, "my gallant friend,
"Farewell"—perhaps forever.
"May Victory wait for boys abroad,
"The chains that we now sever."

Again he struck my ready hand,
And clung an instant there,
And stood erect with noble mien,
But uttered low and clear
"When from yonder land of slaves
"You hear the battle anthem ring,
"Know that New England's hand is there,
"We first to strike the glorious blow,
"And that the friend wears honored blade
"Or sleeps forever with the honored dead."

We parted—and I heard a shout
Of glory, from Centerville's height,
From San Antonio's bloody route,
And Churubusco's fight,
And high upon the crest of Fame
I saw the noble Ransom's name.
The funeral dirge, the requiems,
For once again the charge he led,
And as he touched bright Victory's crown
The leader fell.
My friend is dead
But yet I cannot weep as when
I saw disease lead on this dim car,
But rather envy him his fall
Beneath his country's banner'd stars.

Thought and Deed.

BY R. B. KENNEDY.

Full many a light thought man may cherish,
Full many a noble deed may perish—
Yet not a deed or thought may perish—
Not one but he shall live or die.
When by the wind the tree is shaken,
There's not a bough or leaf can fall,
But of its falling here is taken.
By one who sees and governs all.
The tree may fall and be forgotten,
And buried in the earth remain,
Yet from its rank or rotten,
Springs vegetation life again.
The world is with creation teeming,
And nothing ever wholly dies,
And things that are destroyed in seeming,
In other shapes and forms arise.
And nature still unfolds the issue
Of unseen works by spirit wrought,
And not a work but has its issue,
With blessings or with evil fraught.
And thus may seem to leave behind thee,
All memory of thy mortal rest,
Yet on, be sure thy soul find thee,
And thou shalt know its fruits at last.

Chief Justice Marshall.

Marshall was noted for extreme plainness of person and address, and a childlike simplicity of character. His carelessness of his own personal attire in early life, particularly and on one occasion—as stated in the Literary Messenger—while traveling occasioned his being refused admittance into a public house. On the occasion of which we are now about to relate, it caused him the loss of a generous fee. Marshall when just rising on the profession of law, was one morning strolling through the streets of Richmond, attired in a plain linen roundabout and shorts, with his hat in his arm, from which he was eating cherries, when he stopped in the porch of the Eagle Hotel, indulged in some little pleasantries with the landlord, and passed on. Mr. P., an elderly gentleman from the country, then present, who had a case coming on before the court of appeals, was referred by the landlord to Marshall, as the best advocate for him to employ; but the careless advocate of the young lawyer had so prejudiced Mr. P. that he refused to engage him. On entering court, Mr. P. was a second time referred to by the clerk of the court, and a second time declined. At this moment entered Mr. V., a venerable-looking gentleman, in a powerful wig and black coat whose dignified appearance produced such an impression upon Mr. P. that he at once engaged him. In the first case which came on, Marshall and Mr. V. both addressed the court. The vast inferiority of his advocate was so apparent, that at the close of the case Mr. P. introduced himself to Marshall, frankly stated the prejudice which had caused him, in opposition to advice, to employ Mr. V.; that he extremely regretted his error, but knew not how to remedy it. He had come to the city with one hundred dollars as his lawyer's fee, and had but five left, which if Marshall chose, he would cheerfully give him to assist in his case. Marshall, pleased with the incident, accepted the offer, not however without passing a sly joke at the omnipotence of a powdered wig and black coat.

Marshall was accustomed to go to market and frequently unattended. Nothing was more usual than to see him returning at noon, with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions, a fashionable young man from the country, who had recently removed to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could find no one to take home his turkey. Marshall stepped up and ascertaining of him where he lived, replied, "That is my way, and I will take it for you." When arrived

at his dwelling, the young man inquired, "What shall I pay you?" "Nothing," was the rejoinder; "you are welcome; it is on my way and no trouble."

Who is that polite old gentleman who has just taken my turkey for me?" inquired the other of a bystander, as Marshall stepped away. "That," replied he, is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States. The young man, astounded, exclaimed, "Why did he bring home my turkey?" "To give you a severe reprimand and teach you to attend to your own business," was the answer.

Never Despair.

Major Noah of the New York Sunday Times remarks:

"Never despair," says the millionaire, buttoning up his coat pocket, and addressing a silvering merchant. "Never despair," says the prosperous banker through his hasty checks, to the ruined, bankrupt merchant. "Never despair," says the flourishing man to his less fortunate neighbor. It is the golden battle cry in the struggle with life, but while all appreciate, few have the courage to adopt it. "I will not despair is a declaration easier made than verified."

We remember one instance of two unfortunate kicking care and despondency to their progenitor, the evil one, and doing so with success.

Two dejected young men of spirit, who had been chased into a gallop by want, all the way from the Mississippi to the Hudson river, arrived in New York one rainy Sunday morning in December. They were landing from a boat in which they had worked their passage, and sat down upon the end of the wharf.

"What shall we do for lodging?" enquired one of them.

"Don't know—do you?"

"No—let's take a walk."

Shabby and dirty, they strolled along Broadway until they reached a mean-looking drinking shop. Here they entered, imbibed their last sixpence in beer, and commenced reading the papers.

"Oh," exclaimed one, as his eye glanced over the advertisements, "\$5 are offered for the best New Year's Address for the carrier of this paper—all competitors to carry in their effusions by tomorrow evening."

"Well," said the other,

"I'll try for the prize."

"You?"

"Even I, Landlord can you lend me a few sheets of paper, and a pen and ink?"

The articles were furnished, and the scrivener worked in silence for four long hours at the end of which time he shouted, "It's done."

"Read it," said his companion.

The matter was read and approved. It was carried to the office. The couple walked the streets all night and a great portion of the next day, until the time of the decision affecting the award of the prize.

The needy man entered the sanctum of the great committee and emerged into the street the possessor of \$25. Twenty were saved and five were devoted to the payment of a week's very common board; the balance was invested in a very humble business—on a slender scale. It was prosperous; the light-hearted couple were permitted to reap the reward of unflagging industry, and uncomparable perseverance. It is now seven years since the events we have narrated occurred, and now the firm is as well known as can be.

A despairing man is unfit for successful intercourse with the world. He cannot overcome difficulties, nor combat dangers which retreat when boldly they are confronted.

When the reverse engenders despair, and begets the gnawings of despondency, the victim is fit for criminal depredations or suicide. Every one's motto should be—if constitutional peculiarities will permit—"Never despair."

Of Studies.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament and ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar. Their perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is some books are to be read only in part; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention. Some books may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashing things from us without being received. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and therefore if a man write a letter, he had need have a great memory; if he converse little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know what he doth not. His stories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy

deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend; "Abemur studiis in moribus."—Nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises; bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and heart, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like; so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit will be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences let him study the schoolman; for they are "Cymni sectores," if he be not apt to beat over matters, and call upon one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases, so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.—[Lord Bacon]

How to Talk.

It was several days since the commencement of the new exercise, and the boys had acquired great readiness in correcting each other's errors. The parents also, many of whom had their doubts, at first, whether it was best for the school to spend their time in this way, had become quite satisfied with the arrangement. Indeed, they even found themselves instructed by the remarks and questions of the children, and were more careful than before in regard to the language which they used.

Our readers must not suppose, from the number of mistakes made, that Mr. Cummings had a very ignorant, backward school. It was quite equal to most of the schools in New England for scholars of the same grade; and many of the errors corrected in school were brought in as examples, merely, and not used by the pupils. "We are ready," said Mr. Cummings. "As many of you as the time will allow may present a wrong expression to be corrected. You need not name the author, however, James Hall, what is your example?"

It is kinder cold this mornin'.

What errors? "The word rather should be used instead of kinder, and the g should be sounded at the end of the word mornin'."

The next. What is your example? "A whapping great apple."

What propriety? "Whapping." To what class of errors does this example belong? "Vulgarity." The next may give his sentence. Is this yours or mine. It should be yours, instead of yours.

Are there other similar errors?

There are. Here and there are sometimes used for here and there. "Samuel you may proceed." "A boy in the street, asked me this mornin', if I had seen his cow."

It should have been cow without the sound of a before the cow. Have any of you heard other similar words mispronounced? "Yes sir, know now." "I am very glad that the error is not found among the members of this school."

Our readers will remember John Slater, whose peculiarities excited some smiles at first.

He was now fast improving in his pronunciation and use of words, and showed by the phrases which he proposed for correction, that he was quite discriminating.

"John," said Mr. Cummings what proprieties have you noticed to-day? "One of the class in arithmetic said, this mornin', that our lesson to-day was 'the six first examples in subtraction.' It should have been the first six, instead of the six first, and subtraction instead of subtraction."

Very well. Our hall hour has nearly expired. At the next exercise we will commence a more systematic course. You may confine your example tomorrow, to proprieties of address, or improper language in speaking to others.—[Youth's Companion]

Newspapers.

Newspapers, more than anything else we know of, partake of the double nature of a private enterprise and a public good. What they do for their proprietors is small in comparison with what they do for the community. They are more instruments of social elevation, than means for personal prosperity. That pecuniary advantages flow from them to their proprietors, is an incident merely. Their main effort is to pour a stream of healthy influence abroad, and through society. Their promotion of private interests is accidental, but their aid to public well-being—necessary and intentional—like fountains that irrigate the country for miles around, they unavoidably enrich the immediate soil through which they bubble to the earth.

But to publishers, how small their benefit to readers how large. Profits as the banana tree in the bread of life to the latter, how few the fragments that are gathered in the baskets of the former? To furnish society with instruction and counsel, the sphere of most successful agents; but to fill the purses of printers, they are too often failures.

As newspapers are public agents, so they are sustained by public spirit. Private energy would be sufficient without the aid of public interest. Concernment for the press of a community is as natural as solicitude for social welfare and progress. All feel an interest in the character of a newspaper. All have their favorites—every body has some favorite. There is an obligation to support a newspaper beyond its intrinsic merits. It rests upon the interests of the community, in its own welfare and reputation.

The wisest thing the fathers of a new town could do, would be to encourage the establishment of a newspaper. It would be a Teacher and Preacher to all classes. The school house, meetinghouse, and printing office are the nuclei around which gather the elements of greatness. The newspaper aids in the accumulation of wealth by

stimulating business. It assists the general purposes of society in a thousand ways. It gives new zeal to social intercourse—binds all members of the community by new interests, and unites different communities more firmly together.—[Salem Observer.]

The first Railways, and their Opponents.

When Jacquard, the inventor of the wonderful loom that bears his name, was arrested and carried to Paris with his machine, Carnot, in the presence of Napoleon, roughly said to him, "Are you the man that pretends to do that impossibility—to tie a knot in a stretched string?" His competitors of Lyons, the impossibility being surmounted, broke his machine in 1806, and raised a monument to him in 1840. All those who are in advance of public sentiment must bear ridicule or persecution. In 1825, the Quarterly Review thus ridiculed the notion of certain Engineers, Telford, among the number, that a railway engine could go eighteen or twenty miles an hour: "The gross exaggeration of the powers of the locomotive steam engine, or to speak English, the steam carriage may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned." * * * We should as soon expect the people of Woodstock to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congress's rifleboats as to trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate."

In that year the common belief was that railways were altogether delusions and impostures. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opposed in Parliament with every inventive. One member, in 1825, declared his opinion, that a railway could not enter into successful competition with a canal. Even with the best locomotive engine, the average rate would be but 3.1-2 miles per hour, which was slower than the canal conveyance. Another assertion which Mr. Huskisson was obliged to meet, doubtfully and apologetically was, that there were two or three canals, which were sufficient for every purpose of commerce in the district through which the railway was to pass. "Let us be just to what we have been accustomed to do by the dark ages. Let us be tolerant to those who imprisoned Galileo and rewarded Columbus with chains. If there be a reality in any discovery—a true thing and not a sham—if it be strength or utility, or beauty in any work of the mind, it will live and fructify, whatever critics, or orators, or impostors, or even kings may do to crush it. And so it is with railways. On the 10th of September, 1825, was the first passenger line started. The conveyance of passengers appears originally to have been an interior consideration to the conveyance of goods; and the Directors modestly anticipated that one half of the passengers travelling by coaches between the two towns might venture on the railway. In the first year after the opening, there were conveyed 445,000 passengers; in the year ending last July, 1845, the passengers so conveyed amounted to 807,000. On the 15th of April, 1847, there had been a total expended on the railways of the United Kingdom of £78,000,000 sterling; and in the last week the aggregate receipts upon these railways was £100,000 being a total exceeding £8,000,000 per annum for the conveyance of passengers and goods.—[The Land we Live in.]

Antiquities.

Nineveh was 13 miles by 9 and 10 round with walls 100 feet high and thick enough for three chariots.

Babylon was 60 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick, and 300 high, with 100 towers gates.

The temple of Diana at Ephesus, was 125 feet long and 200 broad, with 127 columns, 60 feet high to support the roof. It was 220 years in building.

The largest of the pyramids is 484 feet high and 683 feet on the sides; its base covered 11 acres. The stones are 30 feet in length and the height is 209, 300,000 men were employed in its erection.

The labyrinth of Egypt contained 3,000 chambers and 12 halls.

There is in Egypt present ruins 47 miles round. It had 100 gates.

Athens was 25 miles round and contained 25,000,000 citizens, and 400,000 slaves.

Heated Rooms.—Rooms heated with anthracite coal, and rooms heated with coal stoves in which wood is burnt, have very dry atmospheres. The use of water in such rooms is very congenial to health, but the water should not be placed in an iron or tin vessel upon the stove for the reason that it will make the vapors offensive and injurious to breathe. By an arrangement in the human system to breathe the water vapors of this kind, so as to let the vapors from the magnetic ponds in hot weather. If water is used upon a stove, an arrangement should be made, so that the water will be made use of, and the steam will be dried, in the end, set an earthen bowl filled with clean water, which should be changed twice a day, and the bowl washed and kept as clean as if used for a drinking vessel. Where hard coal is burnt in a grate, a glass globe should be suspended in the room with pure water, and as the heat of air rises to the top of the room, it will steadily evaporate the water and moisten the dry and heated air. Persons who prefer the atmosphere of salt water vapor, can add salt to the water, or if they prefer an aromatic atmosphere, they can add Cologne water or any other perfume which they prefer. It is important to have clean air for breathing as to have clean water for drinking. Basement rooms, where hard coal is burnt should be frequently ventilated. Small children accustomed to stay in

basement rooms find a bad air near the floor. The air should be removed by allowing the doors to be opened frequently to let in fresh air. A little care in these matters will tend wonderfully to comfort and enjoyment.

His Fingers in the Trap.

Every one, or at least every American, has heard of Banvard, and many have read his adventures as published in the descriptive pamphlets of his great Picture of the Mississippi. But he is the hero of an adventure which is not published, and which is rather too good to be lost. It is generally known that he speculated in a variety of ways, on the treacherous Mississippi, to get money to help him through his object.

One of these speculations consisted in fitting up a flatboat as a Museum of Paintings, and floated from town to town exhibiting these paintings to the inhabitants thereof. He stopped for one night only, at the little and almost deserted town of Commerce, Mississippi, and which can be seen in his panorama a short distance below Memphis. During the exhibition, there was one man who appeared very conspicuous, and wanted to know if the proprietor had a license for exhibiting his paintings; he also said as the "Squire" was out of town, he would assume the responsibility and collect the license himself. Mr. Banvard observed that the exhibition was not in the town, but on the river, and that he had a State license, which gave him the privilege of exhibiting where he pleased within the jurisdiction of the State.

"I can't help that," said the self-appointed magistrate, with all the consequence of a real genuine squire. "We calculate to have a large town here some of these days, and we want money in our treasury, and as you are making a small sprinkling off the place you might as well leave a little on it behind; so fork over the license money." Banvard found he had an ugly customer to deal with, and was so well acquainted with the people of the wild region, that he knew it was best to get off as easily as possible. For a word, this fellow could have the whole town at his back who would be delighted with the "spread of damnation" the next day, and the fellow appeared to be leader among them.

"How much is your license?" said the exhibitor.

"I don't exactly know, but I suppose I will make it ten dollars."

"Ten dollars? why my dear sir, I have only taken about six or eight dollars."

"Can't help that, I want the ten dollars or we good citizens will afflictate this boat for you."

But some other "good citizen" may demand another ten dollars on the same plea? observed Banvard.

"I will assume the responsibility of my fellow citizens, as I am now the only responsible person in the town of Commerce."

"Well, sir, since you assume the responsibility just down and view the paintings, and after the exhibition is over I will pay your demand, my business calls me at present."

Mr. Consequence then walked into the large room where the exhibition was going on, and Mr. Banvard turned to his hands and giving them directions to have all the lines on board except the "box line" and in unloading the boat, with poles set ready for starting at a moment's warning, suspecting the fellow would raise a row. After the exhibition was over, and the good citizens began to make tracks for home, the collector remained behind and demanded his money.

"Certainly," said the proprietor, "just step back into the cabin with me, and you shall have it," and back he walked as one of the hands was extinguishing the lights used for the paintings. Just as he and Banvard reached the life cabin, by some accident Mr. B. contrived to extinguish the only remaining light, and both were shut in utter darkness. In the meantime all the spectators, had left the boat, and she swung back and forth, being held only by the one line of the box and the current was rushing furiously by her. It was the opinion of Banvard to cast the line loose as soon as the boat floated on shore. But this last spectator jayed him the trouble, he seeing the situation of the boat, thought it would be a fine joke to tell, should he cut her loose. This fellow now aware that the boat would be magnified was on board, out with his bowie knife, severed the line and ran off. The hands on the boat perceiving the boat dropping astern, suspected what was done, taking hold of the line found it cut, they immediately drew what remained of it on board, pulled the boat off unaidedly on the current, and all on board were rapidly floating off on the dark bosom of the Mississippi at the rate of six miles an hour.

"Come, make haste," said Consequence, after Mr. B. had landed and started on to light the lamp. "I want them are ten dollars in a hurry."

"Certainly, sir, as soon as I find the key to my trunk. You see sir, my receipts are only 8 dollars tonight and I must get from my trunk the balance of the money. Can you change a 20 dollar bill?"

"Well I can't. I got to go to your money-maker, and I just put that sum into my pocket"—hand over your bill.

"Yes, sir, as soon as I find the key to my trunk."

"Hang it, have I got to wait here all morning for the money?" said Consequence, who began to smell a little of the rat.

"Certainly, unless I find the key before that time."

"Never mind the key, just hand me over the eight dollars you owe, and let the balance go, we will not quarrel about trifles. Do you hear?" or I will have the town about your ears."

"Yes, I hear," said Banvard as he coasted

ed over the head of his boat, and coolly took down a pair of revolving pistols. The fellow seeing this retreated towards the door shouting out, "Hullo, ashore there!"

"You have in your hand, than that to be heard at town," responded one of Mr. B. men on the bow of the boat, "for, as I take it, we are now about one and a half miles below."

"Why didn't you let me know you were going?" said Consequence, his order a little cooled, when he found the boat afloat, and himself trapped.

"Why didn't we let you know? why, for a very good reason, we didn't know ourselves. One of your good citizens as you call them cut our line loose before we knew it," replied the man.

"What line?" inquired Banvard, "the new one I bought in Memphis last week?"

"Yes, sir," replied several of the hands at once.

"Put me ashore," shouted the would-be-dignitary.

"Not until you pay me damages for my line which some of your good citizens cut for me," answered Banvard. "You said you would be responsible for their acts, and you were the only responsible person in town. My line cost me fifteen dollars, you say I owe you ten, now pay me five, and we will be even, and then I will have you put ashore."

"But, sir," rejoined the man, "do not take me off! I have a suit pending, and I will lose it if I am not there to see to it. Put me ashore, and I will say nothing about the license."

"Not until you pay me five dollars damages for having my line cut, and if you do not, I will take you to Vicksburg and have you committed to prison for endeavoring to rob a man under false pretences."

"Well, sir, step towards the light and get the five dollars," and taking out his pocket-book, Consequence stepped to the light and gave the five dollars, when Mr. B. gave orders to have him set ashore. The hands then told him they would not risk themselves in a small boat at night among the snags without being well paid for it, and Mr. Consequence was forced to give them each a dollar, for which they set him ashore in a thick cane brake on the opposite side of the river about three miles below the town. How he got home that night is best known to himself. We venture to say he never meddled with business that did not concern him after passing that night among the mosquitoes and alligators. Boston Bee.

ANECDOTE ABOUT OUR NEW BRAZILIAN MINISTER.—The Hon. David Todd, the new minister to Brazil, while in Philadelphia a short time before he sailed for Rio, unexpectedly met in Dock street, just as he was going down to the boat on his way to Washington, an old schoolfellow of his from the interior of Ohio whom he commonly called Jake Miller. They had not seen each other for several years, though intimate friends in their earlier days, when they attended the district school together.

"Why, Dave," exclaimed Miller, clenching his hand with the strength and tenacity of a vice—"it is indeed you?—why what in the world brought you here, and what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I am just on my way to Washington, Jake, but I expect shortly to proceed as minister to South America."

"Indeed! why that's a good way off, if the geography we learnt together was true. But do you get any pay for it, ch? looking uncomquingly."

"Yes, I get \$5000 outfit, and \$5000 a year."

"Indeed! why that's a immense sum of money—still I hope you may get it, but I can tell you, Dave, (whispering in his ear) it is my candid opinion that you will never make a preacher"—[Germantown Telegraph.]

THE STURDIEST ANIMAL IN THE WORLD.

A crowd about a tavern door was busy discussing what animal, of all others was the most contrary. Some contended that a mule was some a hog, some a yoke of oxen. A Dutchman, who had very gravely listened to the conversation, gave his experience—"To mule, to hog, and to ox, is very stubborn, but to him is stubbornest animal in the world—I had ven and I wanted to hatch some eggs. I made one hole in the nest, and put him in it, and she got up and runs away. I den makes another hole in the nest, and puts her on it, and she runs away again. I den makes over the hole, and puts it all over the hen, and for all to trouble me I have, ven I peeped under the hole, to den was satin standing."

"We mean no imperty in relating the following anecdote. Some time since, two men employed as engineers and brakemen on one of the railroads, were admitted to one of the Methodist churches in Portland. Their Christian walk not being altogether above reproach, they were excommunicated. Soon afterwards another engineer made application for admission to the same church, when one of the committee gravely said to him—"We have had hard luck with the Railroad, folks, and we have concluded not to admit any more of them into our church any more."—[Horton Mail.]

I should think—A story teller in the Boston Courier says—"I felt considerably lousy one day, and I went up the lightning rod and found as high as the vane—I had a first-rate prospect there—but that ain't all. A thunder cloud came over, and I saw it was going to strike the steeple, and I took it myself, if it hit me I'm done up. So I got ready and when the crack came, I gave a leap up, let the lightning strike and see down, and then I caught again."